

THE VOLETTE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE JUNIOR COLLEGE

VOLUME 20

MARTIN, TENNESSEE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1947

NUMBER 4



MERRY XMAS!



New Radio Studio Completed

A completely new thing has been added to UTJC in the form of a radio station studio which has been built in the gym. Programs are now being broadcast twice weekly by remote control over station WENK at Union City. Program time is 4:30 each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

If you haven't seen the new studio you have certainly missed something because it is nothing short of super. The designing was done by Mr. Allen who was assisted by the engineering of Mr. Saddler. The studio was built on the south end of the gym stage. There is a large window between the studio and the lobby to enable those outside to see into the studio.

To supervise the new project, the committee on Radio and Public Discussion was appointed. The committee consists of several members of the faculty with Mr. Allen acting as chairman.

The first program was presented on Tuesday, December 9, by the faculty. A faculty choral group under the direction of Mr. Campbell sang some familiar songs. Among those were: "All Through the Night," "Massa Dear," "Silent Night," and our "Alma Mater." Also Mr. Meek made a talk on the purpose and objectives of the programs. He pointed out that the purpose of the programs was to render a service to the students, to the faculty, and the listening public in this area.

The second program was presented last Thursday by the Baptist Student Union. The program opened with a duet consisting of Joy Kirby and Percy Young singing our Alma Mater. Myrtle Hilton Pate and Camille Bass told a Christmas story. The program ended with a vocal solo by Joy Kirby. Joe Fuller served as announcer and Miss Koontz supervised.

Programs for the near future include those to be presented by the Home Economics Club and by the English department.

The Home Economics Club program will start with a play, "The Housewife's Guide," by Betty Davis. Joy Kirby will sing "The Sweet Mystery of Life" and the Home Economics Club will give a talk on "Why I Choose Home Economics." Mrs. Milton will be in charge of the program and Mrs. Myrtle Hilton Pate will serve as announcer.

The English department will present a play by Henry Van Dyke entitled "The Other Wise Man." It is a short story adapted for radio and directed by Mr. Allen Brown. The cast: Narrator, Nicus Hicks; Artaban, Stan Botner; Magicians, Caldwell, Boden and Don March; Stricken, Hebrum, Hassel Wolfe; Stranger in Jerusalem, Jack Fann; Roman Captain, Joe O'Guinn; Christ, Holliberton Green; Women of Bethlehem, Ann Carolyn Ralph; Girl of the True Faith, Mary Wall Conley; Village Woman, Ben Hatley; and the announcer as Ralph Prince.

Show your support and interest to your school by asking your friends to tune in to each of these programs.

School Mourns Loss Of Blackie



Tributes From Two Of Her Boys

The passing of Mrs. Florence Blackman, better known as "Blackie," was felt much farther than the immediate vicinity of Martin; for she had boys in all parts of the world. Not children of her own flesh and blood, for Blackie was very unfortunate in that her only child died when quite young. However, Blackie seemed to compensate for this loss by being a mother to all of the boys that occupied her dormitory. This was a tremendous task for any person, and we don't know of anyone who could have done a better job.

Blackie's dormitory, as we know it, had a separate living room in which she could receive her visitors, but the most frequent visitors were the boys telling Blackie of their latest accomplishment or short coming. Blackie would sit down, listen patiently and thoroughly comprehend what her boy had to say regardless of how trivial the incident may have been. Then she would counsel him over his accomplishment or short coming. It was a privilege to be in her presence. She was a woman who never failed to give that personal touch which is so essential to a family at home, and this made her boys feel that they were at home. Blackie's conversations were not confined to business problems or difficulties; for those conversations were frequently dealt with the "boles in a home" or mutual acquaintances.

Perhaps Blackie's greatest pleasure was derived from keeping in contact with her boys after they had left the Junior College, and learning of their accomplishments in the world. She truly thought of them as her boys, and always gave them that added push or help whenever she had the chance.

During Blackie's 17 years of affiliation with U. T. J. C., 11 of those years were spent as matron of the boys' dormitory and six

Mrs. Florence Blackman, who first came to Martin in 1912 as housemother to the girls dormitory at McFerren, and who has since distinguished herself by her various activities and unselfish devotion to students whom she has seen pass through the doors of McFerren and The University of Tennessee Junior College during her many years of participation, quietly passed away Wednesday evening, December 3, at the Weakley County Hospital.

There is very little information concerning the circumstances surrounding her earlier life. The place and date of her birth, number of children in her family, her position among this number, her background as to friends and school chums, these are but a few of the unanswered questions in the earliest period of her life.

What is known is that, although her immediate family—husband and child died in her youth, she, too, was affectionately known to the residents of the boys' dormitory, was a really a "mother" to the boys. From 1912 to the time of her death, she, as housemother, gave to her boys helpful advice, listened to their troubles, encouraged them in their work and gave freely of her time to be of any help to them. In rendering these invaluable services she became endeared in the hearts of her many young friends, and in so doing reaped the joys of personal happiness. Particularly during the war, when she held the position of school correspondent to the 4000 service men and women from the Junior College, did she fill a place in the hearts of students that could have been filled by no one else. They say that, during those years, Blackie never

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Bluejackets Plan Formal

Stubby Takes To The Hills

On January 1, 1948, the resignation of one of our most active campus leaders and teachers will become effective. Sam Stubblefield, who teaches Horticulture and animal husbandry (this includes those "chickens" classes), will then begin "to practice what he preaches" or teaches. Mr. Stubblefield will then be found farming at a place called Brentwood, which is located between Nashville and Franklin.

Mr. Stubblefield was born several years ago in Viola, Warren County, Tennessee. He attended public schools there and graduated from Warren County High School in McMinnville. He graduated from the University of Tennessee at Knoxville in 1942, with a B.S. degree. Immediately after graduation he answered Uncle Sam's call by serving four years in the Infantry. He was discharged with the rank of major.

We now leave the educational and military side of Mr. Stubblefield's life and turn to the brighter side. His better half was the former Miss Frances Weiland. They are the parents of three children: Sam, the third; Frank; and Royce Edward. (It sounds as if you have a good start for a ball team there, Sam!)

Mr. Stubblefield has been teaching at U. T. J. C. since his discharge, making many, many friends with his never-ending store of wit and humor. He's the man whose wit and sense of humor added to the merriment and fun of such an occasion as J. V. Day.

On behalf of the entire faculty and student body, we would like to say to Mr. Stubblefield, "You have done a grand job and will be greatly missed. We wish for you and your family the best of luck, lots of happiness and success always."

Roger Smith Lectures Here

The well-known B. S. U. speaker, Roger Smith, was at the college week preceding Thanksgiving. He gave many good lectures which were of interest to all.

January 1 and 18 are dates for all B. S. U. members to remember. On the two days a noted churchman from Union City will lead the study course for the church. These study courses are not closed to just Baptists. Anyone may come so come on everybody and make it a good course.

Last Sunday night everyone had a swell time at the church. How's that, you say? Why, it was the B. S. U. fellowship meeting! Not only were there games, singing, but there was food. These fellowships are the first and third Sundays. Let's all come to them and make them a big success.

Bluejackets To Stage Annual Formal Jan. 10

The Bluejackets Club takes pleasure in announcing its annual Formal Dance to be given on January 10, 1948 (the second week-end of the winter quarter).

The veterans of the Navy, Marines, Merchant Marines and Coast Guard have combined their nautical wits to give you a program worth "writing home about."

Last January when the Bluejackets' Dance was over, one of our oldest faculty members said that it was the most impressive dance ever to be given on the campus. The members of the Bluejackets Club are proud of their record and are confident they can give you a dance of that same high calibre on January 10.

Make it a red-letter day on your calendar now and label it "Bluejackets' Dance."

Miss Burney On American Library Association Committee

Miss Burney, University of Tennessee Junior College Librarian, has accepted appointment by William H. Carlson, President of the Association of College and Reference Libraries, American Library Association, as the junior college representative on the Committee on Budgets, Compensation, and Schemes of Service for libraries connected with Universities, College, and Teacher Training Institutions. Miss Burney was recommended for this appointment by David Clift, Associate Librarian of Yale University. Miss Burney served on this committee four years, 1939-43.

S.C.A. To Sing Carols

The Student Christian Association had its regular meeting December 2 in the gymnasium. The club decided to charge 25 cents dues beginning next quarter. (Do not let that keep you from coming.) Membership cards were passed out to the members. The group voted to sing Christmas carols one night before everybody goes home for the Christmas holidays.

Those taking part in the program were: Edna Jones, Woody King and Wilma Oswald.

Army Club Dance A Success

The formal dance of the Army Club of UTJC, staged at the Strat Club Friday night of last week, was a decided success, with 130 in attendance, and dancing to the tuneful music of Richard Tillman and his orchestra was a feature.

HAVEN'T YOU SMELLED THESE BEFORE

He ate and drank the precious words.
(Gee, I'll bet he got indigestion.)

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these; ("I made 37 on Eng. test.")

THE VOLETTE

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Your Vulette

Additional interest in THE VOLETTE will be created and the student will feel that the paper belongs to him if he will take advantage of the invitation being offered here. Contributions need not only discuss matters that need attention but they may be of a creative nature as well.

Contributions dealing with any department of THE VOLETTE will be appreciated. Resolve today to answer this request and aid in making this paper truly a student publication. theirs and offer worthwhile contributions.

Students having comments to make, whether they be favorable or unfavorable, should "air views" in THE VOLETTE. However, this does not mean that the student body is being given the opportunity to grouch, knock the administration, or publish "personal digs," but rather that they have a way in which to express their opinion and offer worthwhile discussion and comment.

Quite often students are overheard criticising THE VOLETTE. In many cases the comments are unfavorable, and have no genuine basis. What right has one to destruct when one has nothing to build?

Primarily, the purpose of THE VOLETTE is to express student opinion and be a record of school activity. The student body should realize to a greater extent that this publication is meant on subjects of general school interest.

I Love My Scrub Cow

My scrub cow gives me employment every day of the year. She consumes my hay and grain and grows fat and sleek. She is a thing of beauty, although a burden forever. To produce milk and butterfat would detract from her physical beauty; therefore, it is unreasonable to expect it from her. She helps to reduce my income tax.

I love my scrub cow. She is a luxury. Dairymen are entitled to luxuries as well as other people. My neighbor tells me to sell her to the butcher, but my neighbor is a hard-hearted man; so is the butcher. The cow-tester says that the profits of my best producers will keep her in comfort, so why should I worry?

I love my scrub cow. It requires much time to feed her, but very little to milk her. My banker says that the small amount of milk she contributes can be justly called the "milk of human kindness," for it is human kindness that allows her to exist. Even Parson Jones was heard to remark that greater love hath no man than he who wears his young life away to support a scrub cow, expecting no reward, not even the respect of a real dairyman.

Some Folks Lie

Everyone knew Charley Johnson was a liar. It was generally agreed that he could outlie any man in the country. There were those who were willing to bet money that he could, providing the other person told his story first.

Now Charley's lies were never harmful, no one ever suffered from them; in fact, they were enjoyed by everyone. Just let some fellow tell something that had happened to him and old Charley was sure to have the same thing happen to him only in a worse form.

He was a mild little dried-up sort of fellow with a bald head, three teeth on bottom and four on top, and was as spry as a cricket. Sometimes he worked, sometimes he didn't, mostly he played pitch down at the pool room or sat around town smoking his pipe and lying to the boys.

The fellows never got tired of plaguing him. They would get him started off on one of his yarns, then just sit around and smile, and sometimes go so far as to call him the biggest liar in the world. But

Charley never seemed to mind. He just grinned and went on with his story.

One night at the hotel, after the pitch game had stopped, Charley leaned his chair back against the wall and lit his pipe. There were a dozen or so fellows sitting around arguing about politics, Russia, hog prices, and Palestine, and a few were giving their opinion of Stalin. Cal Wilson, who was always laughing at Charley, saw his chance, winked at the boys and spoke in a loud tone, "What's on your mind, Charley? Thinkin' about New York?"

Several years before, Charley had gone to New York and Philadelphia. He never tired of telling of the wonders of these cities in constantly growing and ever enlarging stories. Some of the fellows said that if Charley had had sense enough to have written down his lies, he would have a million. But Old Charley didn't bother to write them; he just told them.

"Yeh," Charley answered, "I was thinkin' 'bout New York, but mostly about 'Philly." He had heard some Easterner call Philadelphia "Philly" once and the way he put that Yankee whang on it would have made you split your sides.

"Well, let's have it. 'Everybody leaned back grinning, and Charley marched into his story like a soldier into battle.

"Well, you see, I got into Philly 'bout eleven that night. I didn't have any special place to go, so I hired a taxi. I thought the guy looked pretty tough, but I had my money sewed in my shirt, so I felt pretty safe. I told the guy to take me to a hotel, and he ducked his head and started off. He took me to a pretty rough looking joint. I didn't want to get out at first, but the driver took my suitcase and started in, so I had to follow him. The dump looked about as bad on the inside as on the outside, but I was afraid I'd hurt the clerk's feelings if I went back out; so I got me a room, No. 355. I never will forget it.

"I went to bed with my shirt on and had just about dropped off to sleep when I heard what could have been either a tornado or an air raid just outside my door. It sounded like a whole bunch of men scuffling around.

"Well, I couldn't lay in bed and have somebody get hurt right outside my door; so I just got my

Behind the Bars at Reed and Freeman

The formal dances—how they bring out the true romances and the hometown boyfriends such as JANE and LOFTON, PAT and BOB, JEANNETTE and HAROLD, and oh yes—we must not forget or leave out that ever loving couple, JANIE and BURTON.

The girls just line up in the dormitory waiting for SUE to come in with a new story every night!!! ART LUCKMAN, you've been holding out on us—that's a mighty good-looking girl.

SPEAKS seems at last to have found the right woman. He and PEGGY took in the dance at the Strata Club and the Formal also.

That CARROL WARMATH is a gen-u-ine gentleman. Dinners at the Strata Club and everything. CECIL and MARY FRANCES—CECIL and MISS PAULLUS—come on CECIL let's make up our mind???

Here's a letter that drifted into our hands. Dear Santa, Please send me a new "JUG." After all, things do wear out. LOU.

Of course no one cares what we think but our choice is still SALLY CAMPBELL.

I heard that two boys had a fight over JOYCE CHITWOOD, or should I be telling that?

JOY HARPER was all starry eyed. We hear that that McCLEMORE BOY had something to do with it.

RUTH ELLINGTON has trouble with her boyfriends—she goes with BOB, ANDY, and MAC. How does she do it?

I'll not fail to mention another ever loving couple. You know them too. Just watch BECKY light up when someone says RUSTY.

That IDA LOU is a fiend on letters now that her man is stationed far away.

The girls in the dormitory just couldn't get along without BEN HATLEY—bet that's the way GREER feels about it too.

It just does this old heart good to see true love—just look at JACK and JEAN and see if you don't agree!!

Say, here's the latest on WILMA OVERALL—She just loves-s-s to go home. Wonder if it's still HAM—and not country ham!!!

Hey, HANNA, let's get out of the rut of going home every weekend—it's just GARY, GARY!!! ALTA SUMNERS and JIMMY DONOHO seem to be making a hit of it these days—eh, ALTA???

Girls, girls, girls, SARAH WALLACE really had fun this Thanksgiving. Bet she could tell a thing or two!! Hats off to one of the cutest couples on the campus—yes, MARGUERITE DIAL and JIMMY GRIMES. Wonder who could be putting that gleam in ANN WHITE'S eyes, could it be SHORTY CRAIN? Seen dancing to the exotic music of Ray Johnson's Orchestra Saturday night were PEGGY PERRY and JAMES A. ROGERS—man, oh, man!

EDWINA PORTER and PAUL PARKS seem to be just made for each other—good deal, Lucille!!! Wonder why ADDIE RUTH STEELE enjoys Psychology so much. Well, did you really expect me to answer that one? Girls, quit worrying about a diet. BETTY MILLIGAN has the remedy—hers is JAMES BLASINGAME. Something has turned WILMA LOGAN toward home on the weekends. Could it be HARRY McDANIEL??? CONNIE BASS can get into some of the awfulest jams but somehow she always manages to come out all right. For instance, at the Sophomore Dance.

You should have seen LANELLE BOEHMS "beam" Saturday night when she received that orchid for DEXTER BALL, he's really on the BAL, isn't he? WILLORA has been making it pretty regular with JAMES STONE; is it going to get serious??? DAVE and LOU had a good time this week-end. I think POLLY and BILLY are together too much, don't you? Say, MARJORIE COCHRAN didn't have much lipstick on Sunday night when she came back, who brought you, hm-m? BILLY HUFSTEDLER, it couldn't have been DON HAWKINS and you at the Army Dance, or could it? JESSIE SPARKES was "sparkles" Thanksgiving when DAVE WALKER came to see her. What's this, did CAROLYN COOLEY and BOB WILLIAMS have a good time last Saturday? Well, I think so! RAY and ROY, it is hard to keep them straight, says GENEVA.

pocket knife and looked out.

"Two guys was wrestling around right in the hall. One of 'em was a big hard lookin' bozo, while the other one was little and puny. The big one had a gun poked in the little man's side, an' I could see that the little one was scared half to death. His eyes was sticking out like cherries. The tough guy had his back to me, so I eased over an' right gentle like, laid my knife blade against his throat. I told him that if he made another move I'd cut his juglar vein. Believe me when he felt that cold

steel against his neck he dropped that gun and stuck his hands up.

"I took the big fellow's gun and yelled fo ra cop. He came, an Irishman who looked in shape to whip Joe Louis in the first round. He took the big bozo to jail and handed me a ten dollar bill for my services.

"I called the little shrimp over to me and asked him how come the fight. He told me he had a lot of dough on him, and that was what the crook was after. He thanked me for saving his life, and dough, and said he wondered if he could

Anguish Assuaged

MAW POTTS

Is Your Heart Troubled
by Grief? Write to Maw
Potts. Maw Helps All
Woes. Don't Gripe and
Jaw, but write to Maw!

Dear Maw,

You will probably be shocked at my forwardness, but I have tried time after time to get up nerve to write you, but somehow never could. Since it has been on my mind for several weeks, I have at last decided to write you.

Ever since I read your column, I have known that you alone could help me. I had never thought such a problem as this would ever enter my mind at such an early age. Yet, here it is. I don't know whether it is proper or fair to ask you this question. However, I do know your reply whatever it may be, you are true enough never to tell anyone. You are the only person I would dare ask this question. In your reply please be positive, sincere, and truthful. Above all, dispense with all thoughts of hurting my feelings. Above everything else, be honest. Tell me, does your cigarette taste different lately?

Sally Campbell

Dear Sally,

I don't smoke.

Maw.

* * *

Dear Maw Potts,

I just have so many boy friends I can't keep them straight. I tried counting them on my fingers, but I ran out of fingers. Then I tried counting them on my toes but my feet smelled so bad had to put my shoes back on. What can I do now?

Sue Baldrige.

Dear Sue,

Try "Duz." It does everything, you know.

Maw.

* * *

Dear Maw,

The new look has ruined me! Last year all I had to do to get an "A" from my male instructors was to set on the front row. But with these new long skirts the bowlegged bags behind me get better grades than I do. The new look has ruined my grades!!!

Betty Bass.

Dear Betty,

Strike up an acquaintance with the new Prince of England. Flirt with him to beat 60. Then blackmail the Princess and get her to set a new style. Namely shorter skirts. See how simple it is to make an "A" at U. T. J. C.

Maw.

* * *

Dear Maw,

I married a yankee from Illinois. He said he had a scholarship to the University of Chicago, but didn't go because he doesn't like big city smoke. He also said his daddy invented the Atomic Bomb in 1936, but wouldn't disclose it because he was afraid it would get into the wrong hands. I think this was very humane. The other day one of my girl friends said she thought he was a liar. Maw, do you think my husband tells lie?

(Mrs.) Jane Waller.

Dear Jane,

Well, I don't know, but the other day I was visiting the farm and he had to get somebody to call his hogs for him.

Maw.

Something new in this old column (for a change). JO ALICE and J. W. JORDAN.

MARY WILL got a super Christmas present at the dormitory party—JOE'S voice. You don't believe it? Well, she did get the thread from a recording made in public speaking.

After this quarter, NICK HICKS has enough credit hours to graduate from dear old U. T. J. C. but he's sticking around for another quarter—just can't tear himself away from JOY.

Never have seen BOBBY ELLIOT come in the front door after dark with any lipstick on; she goes with a real MAN!!!

ever repay me. I told him to forget about that. He asked me my name and where I lived, then told me his name and where he lived. We talked awhile and then I went back to bed.

"Next morning the clerk 'pologized for the fight, but I told him it was all right and went on to the depot."

Charley lit his pipe again, and the gang all laughed and called him the biggest liar in Tennessee. Some of them asked him the man's

(Continued on page 4)

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

BARNETT'S SHOE STORE

Union City

Tenn.

GREETINGS

From

BENNETTS INC.

"Best in Men's Wear"

Union City

Tenn.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

LIBBY'S

Air Conditioned

Union City

Tenn.

Compliments

of

LANFORD DRUG CO.

Union City

Tenn.

SINCERE HOLIDAY

WISHES

From

GARRETT & WALKER

Martin

Tenn.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From

COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.

Soldiering With
the 105th

ONE YEAR'S PROGRESS

Since the first of the year is inventory this will be a good way to start off by giving you the progress of the 105th Engineer Combat Battalion during the past year.

At no time in the nation's peacetime history has a more important task been assigned the National Guard than that contained in the War Department's present plans for national defense. The National Guard is an integral part of the Army of the United States, along with the Regular Army and the Reserve Corps.

The proposed peacetime strength of 682,000 officers and enlisted personnel is far greater than ever previously contemplated. This new and greatly expanded National Guard is recruited by the several states, the District of Columbia, and the Territories. It is trained under supervision of the Regular Army to be capable of immediate expansion to war strength in time of emergency.

Tennessee has responded well by being one of the three top states in the nation during the past recruiting drive in the enlistment of new members. The state drive was only 12 men short of doubling its guard strength of 3,310 men to 6,608, or a total of 3,298, Adj. Gen. Hilton Butler said.

The 105th Engineer Combat Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. James Corbitt, was activated on October 29, a year ago. There were 10 officers and 26 enlisted men in the Battalion on the night of activation. Col. Corbitt was the commanding officer of the battalion with Captain Robert Walker commanding Headquarters and Service Company. First Sgt. Charlie Barnette was the non-com in charge.

The first group of men were secured through the cooperative efforts of the various civic clubs of Martin. Some of these were the American Legion, Veteran of Foreign Wars, Rotary Club, and the Young Men's Business Club. Offices for the guard unit were secured in the gymnasium of the University of Tennessee Junior College through Mr. Paul Meek, President of the college.

In the first week in November, M/Sgt. John Ware of the Regular Army was assigned to the Battalion as Sergeant Instructor.

The 105th started off the New Year right by activating its four remaining companies of the Battalion. On January 28, 1947, the Medical Detachment, commanded by Capt. Richard Shannon and Company A, commanded by Capt. Paul Hug, was activated and located at Martin. The following night, Company B, commanded by Capt. Fred Morris, was activated at Paris. On January 30, Company C, commanded by Capt. E. Tanner, was activated at Union City. With the activation of Company C, the 105th Engineer Combat Battalion was the first completely activated battalion in the state since the war.

In February, uniforms, supplies and other material to equip an Engineer Combat Battalion began rolling in. The 105th has now received practically all of its equipment.

On May 8, an Army Day parade was given by the Battalion with a company of engineers from the 185th Engineer Battalion of Camp Campbell. The 105th passed in review to General Arnold of the U. S. Army.

On May 9, the 2998th Engineer Treadway Bridge Company, commanded by Capt. Harold Webb, was activated at Milan. This company is assigned to the 105th as one of its companies.

Capt. Sam Stubblefield assumed command of Headquarters Company in August. During this month all officers and administrative personnel of the battalion went to Camp Campbell to attend eight days of Administrative Camp.

Lt. Col. Jack L. Coan was assigned in late July to the 105th as Battalion Instructor for the U. S. Army. He had just completed 37 months' service in the European theater.

On September 16, at the direction of President Truman, the Na-

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SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

MODERN BEAUTY SHOPPE

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

P & S DRUG STORE

Martin

Tenn.

HOLIDAY WISHES

From

RYAN'S FURNITURE COMPANY

Martin

Tenn.

Let us say we do appreciate your business and wish you

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

CITY DRY CLEANERS

"We Know How"
Phone 472

Owner

Cleo Dawson

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To Our Many Friends

PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING CO.

Martin

Tenn.

Best Wishes For

A HAPPY HOLIDAY

From

RILEY'S FURNITURE STORE

Martin

Tenn.

W. and W. MOTOR SALES

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Martin

Tenn.

WISHING EVERYONE A MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

WAGGENER'S RESTAURANT

Martin

Tenn.

GREETINGS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

From

BARGER GIN and IMP. CO.

Martin

Tenn.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

HUNT'S BARBER SHOP

Martin

Tenn.

MERRY CHRISTMAS HAPPY NEW YEAR

From

BRADBERRY & SON

Martin

Tenn.

WATSON'S STUDIO

WISHES U.T.J.C.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Martin

Tenn.

BEST WISHES

From

P. T. MILAM DRUG CO.

Martin

Tenn.

SINCERE GREETINGS TO ALL

W. W. JONES & SONS

Martin

Tenn.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

CITY SHOE SHOP

In Martin

Some Folks Lie

(Continued from Page 2)

name, but he said he had forgotten it. They all laughed again and then went home.

About a week later everybody was down at the pool room playing cards and smoking. Charley was sitting back against the wall with his eyes shut. The game had slowed up for a minute when the door opened and a funny looking little fellow pranced in. Anybody could tell that he was a Yankee by looking at him.

He trotted over to where Pap Grissom was sitting on a high stool overseeing the game, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Charley Johnson?"

Everybody looked up and Pap said, "Shore I kin. Yonder he is in that corner."

The stranger walked over and stopped right in front of Charley. "Don't you remember me, Mr. Johnson?" he asked.

Charley raised up and looked him over. Then he got out of his chair and blinked his eyes like he had been asleep.

"I don't believe you know me at all," the stranger went on. "I am the man that you got out of that scrape in Philly, remember?"

Old Charley kind of grunted and stuck out his hand. "Glad to see you, Mr. I'd introduce you to the boys, but I've forgot your name."

Blackie's Boys Pay Beautiful Tributes

(Continued from Page 1)

years in Alumni work. Her alumni work consisted mainly of correspondence with all alumni engaged in the defense of the country during the war years. From replies to her letters she compiled a monthly news letter known as "Campus Chatter" which was sent to all alumni. This news letter was an excellent means of keeping in contact with former friends and classmates whose addresses were constantly changing, and then too you knew it was a message from Blackie. Of course, Blackie had a secretary to aid in her large correspondence, but frequently Blackie would answer your letter in her own handwriting which made the letter more sincere. Regardless of how dark the conditions were, Blackie's letters were always very encouraging and "heart warming." A letter from Blackie was welcomed as much as those letters from home.

THE COLLEGE MAN

He fools around
As for the tricks
He's got them down.
A dancing fool,
An athlete fine
A lot of girls
A good strong line,
Smokes all the time,
Drinks now and then,
An all round man
With girls and mep,
Broke off and on
With bills galore
And yet he doesn't
Look quite poor,
An orange sweater
And shoes of tan,
Arm full of books,
THE COLLEGE MAN.

THE COLLEGE GIRL

A snazzy dress,
A careless walk,
The Strata Club,
A lot of tak l
A dancing fool,
A face divine,
A lot of men,
A good strong line
Smokes off and on
Works now and then,
Too strong a power
On the men,
Flirts all the time,
Think's she's just it,
Not many brains,
Not a bit.
Skirts too long
And hair a-curl
She rolls her own,
THE COLLEGE GIRL.

The first recorded New Year's card in Europe was printed in Germany about 1450, nearly four centuries before an English engraver, William Maw Egley, designed the first Christmas card in 1842.

THE CAPITOL THEATRE

Martin

Tenn.

Wishes You All a Very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

FRANKLIN'S QUALITY SHOP

MEN'S CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

302 Main St.

Fulton, Ky.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

ELLIS AND FUQUA

Staple Groceries

Telephone 711

Martin, Tennessee

ROBBIE RAY SHOPPE

Wishes You A Very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Martin

Tenn.

GREETINGS

From

BENNETT'S PHILCO STORE

"Home of Philco Products"

Phone 6644 Martin—201 Fulton, Ky.

Compliments Of

FORD CLOTHING CO.

Men's and Young Men's Wear

Fulton

Ky.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

From

CARTER-RICE CLOTHING COMPANY

216 Main St.

Fulton, Ky.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

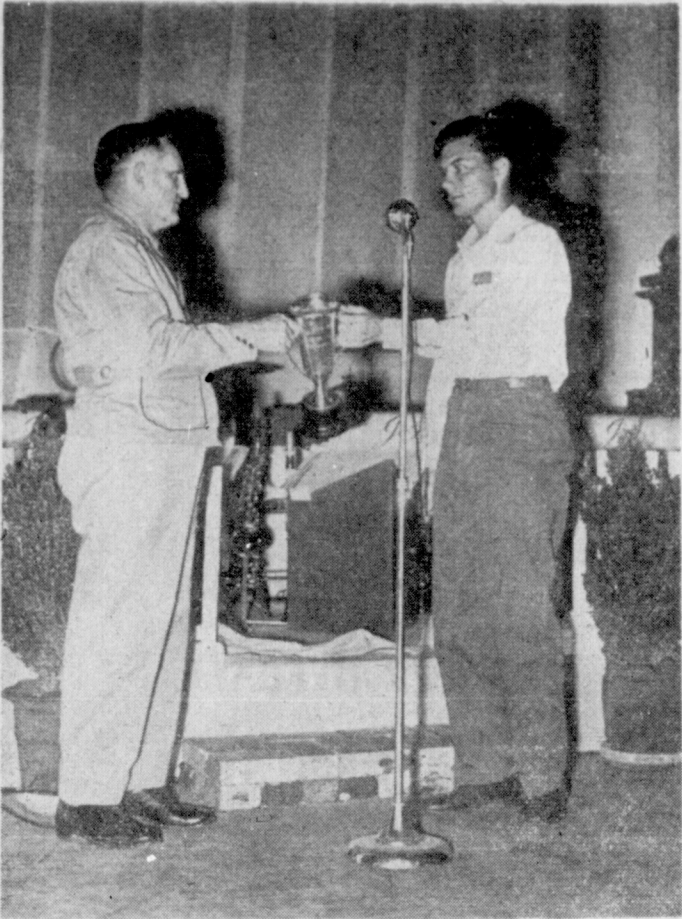
BEARD CHEVROLET CO.

Sales and Service

Phone 293

Martin

Massey Receives Alpha Zeta Cup



Highlighting the Barnwarmin' was the presentation of the Alpha Zeta Cup to Herbert F. Massey, brilliant campus leader, by J. E. McMahon, head of the Agricultural Department.

New Course Offered Winter Quarter

While going over my copy of the Junior College catalog the other day to make sure I hadn't skipped a single crip course, I was surprised to find a subject in the curriculum that I hadn't noticed when I registered. Its name was Punning 111.

I had often wondered whence come the people who clutter our rest rooms and literature with puns, conundrums, and plays on words. Well, here was my chance to find out. "I will audit this here course a week," I said to myself. Reading further in the catalog, I found the class "meets three times, weakly."

I located the place where the class was held. A boy was standing in the door. "What's this course about?" I asked. "Is it sound?"

"Sister, that's about all this course is," he replied, and began laughing and slapping his thighs. I thought the joke was lousy, but at least this must be the right place. I went in and sat down. An Ag boy was sitting next to me. Apparently he had put in a hard day in his course in Horse Stealing 211, for he kept sneaking furtive glances at his shoes. "Ah, well," he finally said in a resigned voice, "no use to worry now. What's dung is dung."

The bell rang, and the room quickly filled. One scholar had just come from a history test. I could see scribbling all in his palms. "Whatcha got wrote in your hands?" somebody asked.

"What you generally find in palms—dates!" was his reply.

The last of the class staggered in, and the instructor followed, shutting the door behind him. Something about him struck me as odd. Maybe it was the tin can on his head. Maybe it was the tie that lit up at intervals saying, "Kiss me." I don't know. He went over behind the desk and squatted on the floor. Taking a june bug out of his vest pocket, he attached a string to its hind leg and let it buzz over his head. Turning a crafty eye to us he asked, "When is a bug not a bug?"

"When it's a humbug, sir!" chorused the class.

"That's right!"

I could tell he was just as pleased as Chuck Flatt about to sell a 50c ad.

"Maybe you louts have learned something in here. The lecture today will be on the history of punning. Now shut your damn mouths and listen."

I took notes.

"The earliest punster was Adam.

He raised Cain. The ancients were all great pun makers. When Caesar's subjects shouted, "Hail Caesar!" he said, "How can ye hail whilst I am reigning?" Charles Lamb said, "A pun is a noble thing, per se, but I don't know who Percy was. The poet Milton, though blind, still went to sea."

The inattention of the class distressed the professor. He kept worrying at a button on his coat until it came off. He absent-mindedly put it in his pocket, and in a few minutes took it out and blew his nose on it.

The class was all talking, and the members were punning and jesting among themselves at a great rate.

"They say there wasn't a single Home Ec girl willing to enroll in Chicken-picking 221! Isn't that a fowl thought? I always did say that teacher didn't have no class!"

"Are you as far behind in your work as I am?"

"Probably—time and the tide won't wait when I am tied for time."

"That coffee in the cafeteria for breakfast tasted like mud."

"What did you expect? It was ground this morning."

"Those new long skirts on the campus are tight, but frankly, I don't see how the girls can kick."

I disengaged my ears from their idiocies and listened to the instructor again.

"The first American pun was got off by Captain John Smith (went on the lecture). When the war club of Powhatan was raised to knock out his brains, Pocahontas interceded crying, "For my husband, I scream!" Whereupon Smith raised his head and asked, "Chocolate or vanilla?" Oliver W. Holmes deplored puns, but that didn't keep him from coining plenty of them. In our own time we have had such jokers as Joseph Goebels, who shouted as he fell through the trap, "Gawdam in dem sauerkraut!" which translates "No noose is good noose."

One student leaned back in his chair, sound asleep. His snores reverberated and echoed. The prof was becoming more and more peeved by the group. Singling out the sleeper, he fastened his hard eyes on him (using a stapeling machine on the desk). Seizing a text, he let fly, and smote the culprit squarely in the eye.

"I guess I swatted that pupil," he punned proudly.

"You caught my eye, all right, prof," said the target, stirring, "but if you don't want us to sleep, you've got to quit laying down that bunk."

"That's O.K.—next time I catch

Blackie's Boys Pay Beautiful Tributes

(Continued from Page 1)

missed a birthday or anniversary date.

In her passing the students, faculty, and all who knew her, have lost the services of one who has lived a life devoted to helping others without the promise of reward or benefit. Her passing is mourned by her many friends, who consider her a loss that can ill be afforded by this community.

Delta Phi Delta Christmas Party

Instead of saving the best for last, the girls of Freeman Hall were entertained by Mrs. Freeman with a Christmas party before final exams!

Wednesday night, December 10, at 9:00 P.M., all the girls gathered in the living room around the piano and Christmas tree to sing Christmas carols. The candles which decorated the room and the lights on the Christmas tree had some pretty stiff competition trying to outshine the sparkle of joy and happiness in the eyes of the girls and Mrs. Freeman.

Wilma Logan read the ever beautiful Christmas Story from the Bible. Then, everyone sang "Little Town of Bethlehem." Betty Moon led the group in prayer after which "Silent Night" was sung. "Twas the Night Before Christmas" was given in the very amusing manner of which only Woodyn King is capable. The girls sat around in a dreamy, tearful mood while Grace Stover sang "I'll Be Home for Christmas." While some of the girls still had tears in their eyes, who should come running in (in her white nightshirt, her pig-tails tied with red ribbons, and candy clutched tightly in one hand) but "Little Lulu" (Glen Lewis)? "Little Lulu" sang "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" in a hilarious fashion while tears again streamed down the girls' faces, this time for another reason!

After everyone had received a gift, the girls were served delicious refreshments by Mrs. Freeman.

When the girls had returned to their rooms, the cry came through the dorm,—"Man In the Hall!" Everyone rushed to the door, just in time to see Santa Claus, who had come to wish everybody a very Merry Christmas! (It was rumored that this Santa Claus came from Reed Hall and we thought there was a surplus of men!!)

Mrs. Reed Entertains

Mrs. Reed entertained the Nu Kappa Nu last Wednesday night with a Christmas Party in the dormitory.

The living room was decorated with white candles on the piano and on end-tables. The Christmas tree was the center of attraction because of its beautiful decorations and of course the gifts placed under it.

The program, conducted by Becky Eldridge, consisted of Christmas carols, sung by all the girls and accompanied by Virginia Cude at the piano; a solo, "White Christmas," by Joy Kerby, accompanied by Pat Daws and a reading by Cammiel George. Jane Jordan read the Christmas story from Luke 2: 1-20.

After the program, everybody was surprised by a visit by Santa Claus. Funny thing about it is, he had to borrow Sally Campbell's red raincoat and boots.

Joy's and Cammiel's gifts would make interesting reading but can not be printed.

After Santa gave each girl a gift, refreshments were served by Mrs. Reed and her helpers.

you I'm really going to throw the book at you!"

In the midst of this exchange the nausea I had been feeling swelled to gigantic proportions. I rushed for the door, past the scornful glances of the class members.

"Give her some sugar in a rag," said one.

I stumbled weakly down the street to the Coffee Shop for a cup of coffee. "Ugh!" I thought. "What pun-ishment."

GREETINGS

From

**PURE MILK COMPANY
ICE CREAM PARLOR**

Phone 266

Martin

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

THE DINNER BELL CAFE

Owners: Mr. and Mrs. Harvy Bell
Lovelace Ave.

Martin

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

FIRESTONE HOME & AUTO STORE

Phone 7152

Martin

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

From

SHATZ BROS.

Martin—Union City, Tenn.

Mayfield, Ky.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

BRUNDIGE-MOORE LUMBER CO.

C. H. Brundige
Phone 325

H. N. Moore
Martin, Tenn.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

The Derrick Welding and Maintenance Co.

AL ADAMS, Owner
At Paul Horne Implement Co.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

From

PAUL HORNE IMP. CO.

Martin, Tenn.

GREETINGS

From

DOTTY'S

Fulton

Ky.

SINCERE HOLIDAY WISHES

From

**R. M. KIRKLAND
Jewelry**

Fulton

Ky.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

From

MERRY LEE SHOP

Martin

Tenn.

GREETINGS FROM

MARTIN LAUNDRY

Martin

Tenn.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

YOUNG'S SHOE SHOP

Martin

Tenn.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

MORGAN-VERHINE, Inc.

"Outfitters for All Mankind"

Martin

Tenn.

SINCERE HOLIDAY WISHES

From

THE WEAKLEY COUNTY PRESS

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Our Store shows the largest assortment of Gifts,
Watches, Diamonds, Billfolds, Lighters, Sheafers
Pens, Sterling Silver, and the newest in Jewelry
of all kinds. Bring your repair work to Mr.
Chas. Tyner for prompt and guaranteed work.

FITTS JEWELER

Martin

Tenn.

Trailer Village

News

By MYRTLE HILTON PATE

Thanksgiving was welcomed by everyone here in the trailer camp, because it gave us a chance to go home to visit with our families and to eat some of "Mother's cooking." For the ones who lived too far to go home, they enjoyed the holidays by resting up before final examinations.

For George and Jane Waller, the holidays meant a visit in Chicago. They came back driving a large automobile too.

The holidays meant loneliness for Orin Hunt, because his wife Katherine and son Dan have gone to Oak Ridge where he will join them after this quarter of school. Orin will register at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville for the winter quarter.

We are very happy to welcome back to the trailer camp Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jones and son, Mike. They have been gone from the camp since summer.

Mrs. Maxine Hendrix returned Wednesday from a two-weeks visit with her parents at Camden, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Crawford are spending the weekend at home.

Mr. Max Lewis, brother of Mrs. Lofton and student of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, visited the B. H. Loftons last Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Neilsen spent Sunday with the B. H. Loftons.

Has anyone else noticed the smile that Virginia Flatt has been wearing for the past few days? The rumor is that she and Charles are going to visit with her parents in Massachusetts during the Christmas holidays.

Why didn't we all marry Army men so we all could have gone to the Army dinner dance at the Strata Club like the Wallers, the Wilsons, the McClures, the McKibbens, and the Frys?

After careful consideration we have decided that these are the things that our husbands like to do:

Duck—Work accounting.
McClure—Fill up wash tubs.
Livingston—Help wife house clean.

Wood—Well, I haven't seen him do anything.

Thurmond—To study chemistry.

Taylor—Make A's.

Mobie—Why, haven't you heard? Make pies, of course, four at a time.

Godsey—Ask his wife, I don't know.

Bowen—Go to the movies.

Wilson—Tend to David and study math at the same time.

Jones—He just moved back, we don't know yet.

Pate—Sh-h-h! Don't tell him I told you, but he just loves to dry dishes.

Gary—Study! study! study!

McKibben—Eat at Home Ec. Building.

Wheeler—Hang out clothes.

Waller—Drive around new car.

Dilliah—You ask him, he won't tell me.

David—Go home on weekends.

Palmer—Hunting! Hunting! Hunting!

Hendrix—I saw him with an apron on, he must like to cook.

Flatt—Carry Lady for a walk.

Lofton—To just go to school.

Hunt—Live alone.

Brannon—I haven't decided if he had rather work on cars or radios.

We are all looking forward to the Christmas holidays, but we know that when we again return to the trailer camp it will not be the same. Many of our friends are going on for higher learning. Wherever you may go, I am sure that you will be loved as we have grown to love you during the past months that we have known you. May God bless and be with each of you wherever you may go.

A house divided within itself
(would be awfully cold in winter.)

'Mid pleasures and palaces though
we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, (there's no
place like the pool room.)

MILDRED'S BEAUTY SHOP

Wishes the U. T. J. C. Students a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Martin

Tenn.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

and

BEST WISHES

DRAPER OVERALL

Jeweler

Martin

Union City

Our Sincere Wishes For A

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

MARTIN TIRE & ELECTRIC STORE

Ute F. Halliburton—Truett Jones

WILSON VAUGHN

Radio Sales and Repair

MERRY CHRISTMAS

And All Good Wishes For A Very

HAPPY NEW YEAR

West Side Cash & Carry Grocery

Martin

Tenn.

WHITE'S ESSO STATION

Wishes You All a Very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Martin, Tenn.

BEST WISHES From
The AMERICAN CAFE

Martin

Tenn.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

From

TOBE McDONALD

WATSON'S GARAGE

WISHES ALL

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

THE CITY STATE BANK

Martin

Tenn.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

FREEMAN MOTOR CO.

Dealers in Kaiser-Frazer

Phone 402

Martin, Tenn.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

and

BEST WISHES

TO U. T. JUNIOR COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND FACULTY

From

GUTTMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Phone 7272

Martin

The Unfairness of It All

I surely get tired of contending with the conceit of men. This custom, which should be dumped, of the boy having the privilege of asking for the date only makes the masculine conceit more prominent. The men definitely have the advantage over the girls. If a boy wants to date a girl, he just asks her. But if a girl wants a date, she has to be nice and sweet and very pretty for two months. Her smile must be a substitute for a Pepsodent ad and her personality perfection. She must fall over her feet to speak to the guy, and keep that rope she is swinging out of sight all the time. She must not let the dear boy know she is simply dying for a date with him or it will scare him off. Sometime all this work and worry go for nothing, or as most usually is the case, you hit the wrong target. You get that dull, studious character with the personality of a cement mixer to ask you for the date. A gal can stand conceit for a while but never dullness. You just can't punish yourself by going with him, but if you don't go word goes around on that wonderfully accurate grapevine boys employ that you, of the golden personality are conceited or consider yourself too good for the likes of them. What do you do? You go. You work so hard having a good time you absolutely declare never to go again. Ah, life is cruel. The boy had a wonderful time. He practically tears up earth trying for another date. If you do date him again and again, people get the idea you are "going steady"—horrible institution of civilization. Nobody asks you for a date. If the opposite happens and you get a date with the gentleman of your choice, you naturally want another and another date. It is even harder to get the second and third and fourth dates. You literally have to be an angel. You have to behave just so, you have to divide the line between this way of acting and that way by a hair's breadth.

Let's pretend for awhile. Let's pretend the world is roses. Let's say you captured the boy. Of course, you let him think he captured you. You have him neatly tied to your apron strings, and he loves it. You have a date every time you want it, until that very special occasion. Then one of two things happen: You "tell him off" for not asking you sooner or some brave soul asks you to go with him, and you go on the grounds that your "one and only" is not going to ask you. Either way you are no longer "going steady." The whole man-chasing process begins again. That, my dear friends, is why women grow old faster than men.

Very seldom is it that the friend of the boy you date will ask you for a date. Men deal too squarely with one another. Girls are not like that. They would go with their grandma's boy friend if they were given half a chance.

The "lines" that these boys employ are really interesting if you can remain the innocent, watchful bystander. Most usually the line is so sharp you get involved before you can analyze his technique. One thing a college boy should learn is who rooms with who, or he will use the same gab on room-mates. If he does this, his goose is cooked. He may as well play ping pong, for he will sure have a hard time making anyone even listen to him.

I'll bet you girls didn't know that boys just go with girls to break the monotony of life. That's all right, boys, we don't mind being monotony-breakers as long as you keep on asking us and keep on buying us food. We'll be silly and sweet for you, because we love you, not just one of you, but all of you.

Soldiering With . . .

(Continued from page 3)
tional Guard began an extensive recruiting drive. The 105th's quota was 115 men. When the drive ended on November 16, the battalion had gone over its quota by 40 enlistments. The 105th now has an enlistment of 425 enlisted men and 22 officers compared to 28 enlisted men and 10 officers at its beginning.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

From

THE U. T. BOOKSTORE

MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS

BE JOYOUS

DUNLAP BUS LINES

CO-ED COFFEE SHOP

Wishes Everyone A Very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

GREETINGS!

HALF-HOUR LAUNDRY

Martin

Tenn.

Best Wisnes For

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

CHAPPEL'S SERVICE STATION

Martin

Tenn.

GREETINGS TO ALL

MARTIN BANK

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

MARTIN BEAUTY SHOP

MERRY CHRISTMAS

From

NATIONAL STORES CORP.

Fulton

Ky.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

BILL BRADLEY Inc.
Ford Sales & Service

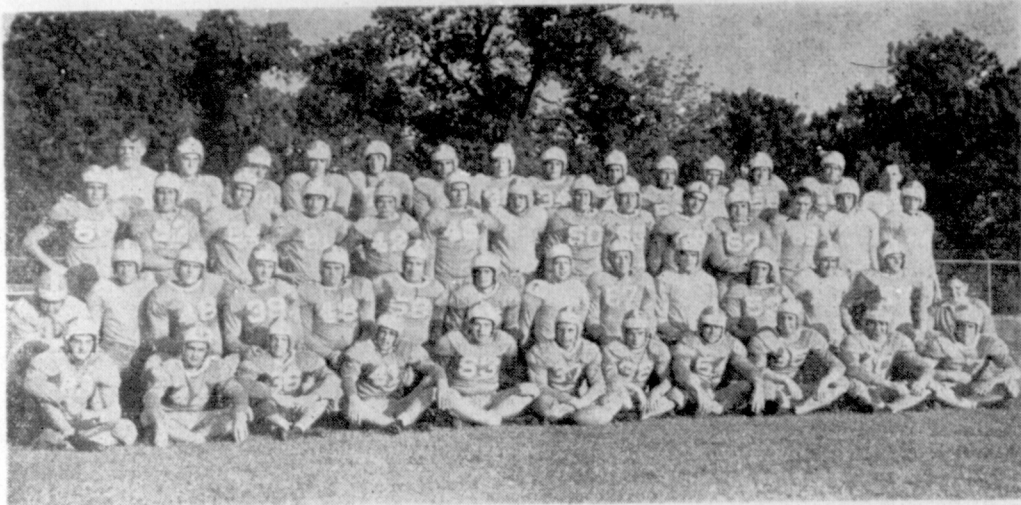
Martin

Tenn.

SPORTS

SEASON'S GREETINGS

1947 — FOOTBALL SQUAD — 1947



Pictured above is the entire 1947 Football Squad. The members alone were the voters who selected Waddy as the outstanding Player of the Season.

Squad Elects Waddy Most Valuable

In an election held December 5 the football squad elected Vaden Waddy as the most valuable player to the squad during the 1947 season.

Waddy, who comes from Paris, Tenn., was the captain of the Tennessee Jr. Vol eleven. Playing end for two seasons, he has racked up many yards and many points with his brilliant pass catching.

Waddy was a captain of unusual ability, never making a wrong decision, and holding the Jr. Vols together through all kinds of circumstances. If you can pick a most valuable player from a team, there is no doubt the squad made a good selection.

Almost every member of the first eleven received some votes and the election was very close. That explains the reason why Troy Fuller, Glyn Carrol, and Cotton King tied for the second most valuable player.

Troy Fuller and Cotton King have both at one time or other been the Player of the Week.

Glyn Carrol, rather handsome to be a football player, deceives his looks very much. He is a hard charging back that would be an asset to any team. Playing at wingback, he was handicapped because he only got the ball on end sweeps around the weak side. I have heard many members of the team say that he was undoubtedly the Jr. Vols outstanding back.

Semi-Final

On December the fifth, the soccer girls met to play a tie off. At 7:30 o'clock the Whites kicked off to the Greens. Goal keepers were Wilma Overall, White, and Jean Wilburn, Green.

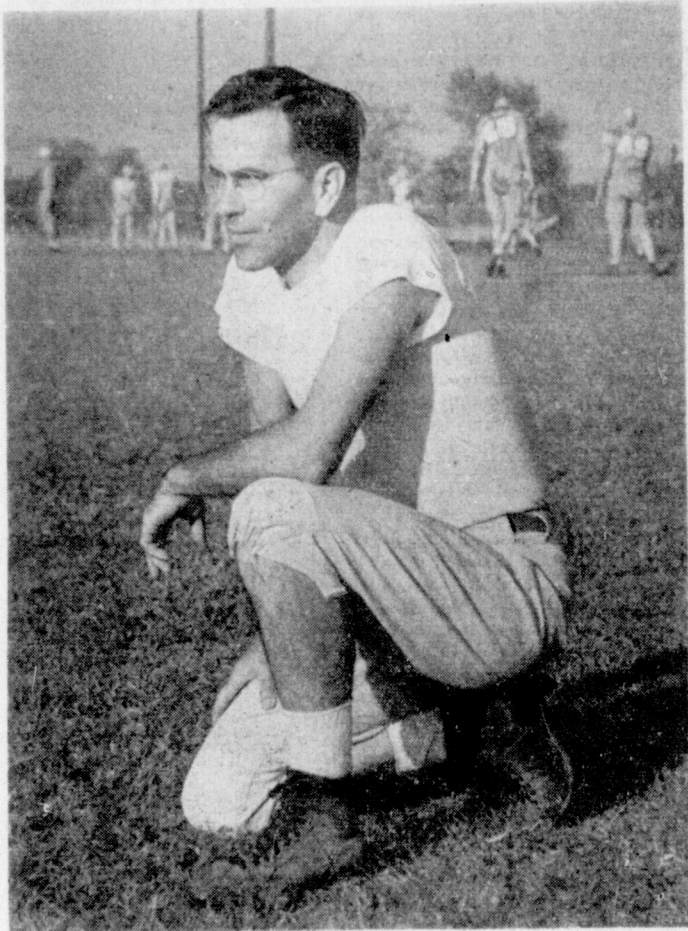
The first score of the game was icked by Ann White of the Green side. Another score was made for that side by Betty McNeil.

The Whites' fast center forward, Gwen Cherry, kicked their first goal during the second quarter. Just before the half ended, Gradine Balentine scored another goal for the Whites. The score at the half was four to four.

The last half started by Gwen Cherry kicking off to the Greens. During this quarter Gradine Balentine again made two points for the Whites. At the end of the third quarter the Whites led six to four.

Margie Jones scored during the last quarter, making the score end tied six to six.

The tie off of this game was played December 8. The fast and interesting game lasted only one quarter. Margie Jones again saved her team from defeat by checking a goal for the Greens.



VINCENT VAUGHN

Vincent Vaughn was born in Louisa, Kentucky, which is located in the Eastern part of Kentucky and if you talk to him he will certainly make you aware of the fact that it is also the home town of the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Leaving Louisa Mr. Vaughn moved to Georgetown, Ky., where he attended high school and later graduated from Georgetown College in 1933. While in college Mr. Vaughn played guard on the football team and was also used some at end and in the backfield.

From 1933 to 1942 he was employed as a coach and teacher in public high schools of Kentucky. In 1942 he went into the Navy where he was connected with the physical fitness program.

Mr. Vaughn was discharged from the Navy in 1946 and established his residence in Lexington, Ky., where he entered the University of Kentucky to do post graduate work. While enrolled at U. K. he was employed by the Veterans Administration where he did Corrective Physical Rehabilitation work. He received his degree from U. K. in June 1947 and as you know, began work here this fall.

Mr. Vaughn, a dark-haired, dark-complexioned, medium-height gentleman, has made many friends since coming to the University of Tennessee Junior College. All of us who have had any connection with him have liked and respected him.

Equal Chance Tournaments

U.T.J.C. has been playing Bethel in what is called an Equal Chance Tournament. U.T. has five teams and Bethel has five which are termed A, B, C, D and E. The Jr. Vols have played Bethel twice and in both tournaments Bethel has been victorious in three of the five games.

Below is a list of players that make up each team:

A Team: King, West, White, Hayes, Wood, Roby, Waddy, Va., Paschall, Ledbetter.

B Team: McCollum, Simpson, Dickerson, Goodman, Rushing, Crick, Pillow, Auditor.

C Team: Whitehead, Meeks, Waddy, Ve., Donoho, Marsh, DeLoach, Viar, Jenkins.

E Team: Simpson, Fuller, Fain, Smith, Fisher, Sanders, Hampton, Beauchamp, Russell, Sills.

D Team: Young, Carrol, Cole, Smith, Rainwater, Turner, Powell, Palmer, Bovham, Sanders.

E team was the only team that was victorious in both tournaments. B team was victorious in the first tournament but was beaten in the second. D team was defeated in the first tournament, but was victorious in the second.

His personality and his conscientiousness have created a warm spot in all of our hearts.

Orange Team Wins Soccer Tournament

The Orange team was victorious Tuesday night in their game with the Green team. They defeated the Greens by the score of 4-2.

The Orange team scored a few minutes before the half to take the lead of 2-0. The Green team came back fighting after the half to score two points. It was only one minute before the game was to be over and the game was tied. The Orange came through and scored two more points to win the game.

Betty Milligan and Jessie Sparks made two points each for the Orange while Margie Jones did all of the scoring for the Green Team.

THE CAR THAT JACK BOUGHT

This is the car that Jack bought.

This is the coed with golden hair That escaped Mrs. Reed's maternal care And rode in the car that Jack bought.

This is the clinch, so wild with fright Given to Jack that moonlight night By that same coed with the golden hair That escaped Mrs. Reed's maternal care And rode in the car that Jack bought.

This is the innocent carpet tack Lying alone on the flat of its back That caused the blowout that moonlight night That caused the clinch, so wild with fright By that same coed with the golden hair That escaped Mrs. Reed's maternal care And rode in the car that Jack bought.

And this is Jack, as you can tell, Scattering tacks to beat all hell.

Note: Wash the page with a solution of asafetida and warmed over Asctic acid, and the illustration will appear.

Library Features Attractive Xmas Decorations

Among the festive scenery about the campus are the decorations in the library. If you haven't seen them, stop by the library, for as well as being attractive and interesting, they might offer some suggestions for Christmas gifts.

On one shelf surrounded by holly and flanked with white candles are the words, "The Books You Will Be Giving for Christmas," and underneath, tied with Christmas ribbon, are new books of every description for each member of the family. Among them are "Gus the Great" by Thomas Duncan for Grandad, "Lydia Bailey" by Kenneth Roberts for Sis, Lecomte du

Nouy's "Human Destiny" for Auntie, "The Little Island" by McDonald and Weisgard for little brother, "Darker Grows the Valley" by Harry Harrison Kroll for big sister, William Clark's "Farms and Farmers" for Dad and "The Boston Cooking School Book" by Fannie Merritt Farmer for Mother.

On another shelf flanked with holly and under large green letters saying "Christmas Reading" are the books, "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens, "Three Christmas Trees" by Ewing, "The Animal's Christmas" by Eaton, and "Come Christmas" by Robert Frost.

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I know not where; (I lose so darn many arrows that way.)

Greetings From

HUNT & MAYHEW

Martin Tenn.

Merry Christmas

From

CAPITOL GRILL

Martin Tenn.

Season's Greetings

From

THE BUS STATION SANDWICH SHOP

Compliments of
A FRIEND

Baxter J. Fisher

Agent

GENERAL INSURANCE

301 Lindell St. Martin, Tenn.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Martin Flower Shop

Martin Tenn.

CHAPPEL'S CLEANERS

Not just "ordinary" Cleaners, But experienced and modernly Equipped

Dial 279 Martin

CITY COAL & COKE CO.

Phone Us Your Order For Coal

PHONE 444

Martin, Tennessee

FOR INSURANCE

Phone 498

Leonard Arnn '36

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